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REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

John Wyeth, one of the individuals concerned in throwing the tea overboard in Boston Harbor, gives the following account of the transaction, which is copied from the Quarterly Review:

I labored as a journeyman blacksmith with Western and Gridley, blacksmiths by trade, and Baptists by profession. Western at the time was neutral, but afterwards became a Tory. Our number between twenty and thirty: Of my associates, I only remember the names of Frothingham, Mead, Martin, and Grant. We met together one evening, talking over the tyranny of the British Government, such as the heavy duties, shutting up the port of Boston; the murdering of Mr. Gray's family, sending people to England for trial, and sundry other acts of imposition. Our indignation was increased by having heard of the arrival of tea ships at the same time. We agreed that if the tea was landed the people could not stand the temptation, and would certainly buy it. We came to a sudden determination to make sure work of it, by throwing it all overboard. We first talked of firing the ships, but we feared the fire would communicate to the town. We then proposed sinking them, but we should alarm the town, before we could get through with it. We had observed that very few persons remained on board the ships, and we finally concluded that we could take possession of them, and discharge the tea into the harbor without danger or opposition.

The great objection to our plan was that it would require such a length of time to carry it through and render us more liable to detection. We agreed, one and all, that we would go out at the risk of our lives. We proceeded to contrive the mode of accomplishing the business. One of the ships laid at Hancock wharf, and the other a few paces out in the stream with their wharps made fast to the same wharf. A brigade of British soldiers was encamped on the common, less than a mile from the wharf. We agreed, in order to disguise ourselves as much as we might, to wear ragged clothes, and disfigured ourselves as much as possible.

We calculated to meet at an old building at the head of the wharf and fall in, one after another, as if by accident, so as not to excite suspicion. After having pledged our honor, we would not reveal our secret, we separated.

At the appointed time, we all met according to agreement. We were dressed to resemble Indians as much as possible. We smeared our faces with grease, and soot or lamp black. We should not have known each other except by our voices, and we surely resembled devils from the bottomless pit, rather than men. We placed one sentry at the head of the wharf, one in the middle and one on the bow of each ship, as we took possession. We then proceeded rapidly to business. We boarded the ship which was moored by the wharf, and the leader of our company, in a stern and resolute manner, ordered the captain and crew to open the hatchways and hand us the hoisting tackle and rope.

The captain asked us what we intended to do? The leader told him that we were agoing to unload the ships of the tea, and ordered him and the crew below, assuring them that if they obeyed, no harm was intended. They instantly obeyed, without murmurs or threats. Some of our number jumped into the hole, and passed the chests to the tackle. As they were hoisted on the deck, others knocked them open with axes, and others raised them to the railing and discharged their contents overboard. All that were not needed for discharging the tea from the ship, went on board the others, and warped them into the wharf, where the same ceremony was repeated, as at the first ship.

We stirred briskly in our business, from the moment we left our dressing room. We were in undertone, at an idea of making so large a cup of tea for the fishes, but were as still as the cause would admit. No more words were used than were absolutely necessary.

Our most intimate acquaintance among the spectators had not the least knowledge of us. I never labored harder in my life; and we were so expeditious that though it was late in the evening when we began, we had discharged the whole three cargoes before morning dawned.

While we were unloading, the people collected in great numbers about the wharf, to see what was going on. They crowded about us, so as to be much in our way. We paid no attention to them, nor did they say any thing to us. They evidently wished us success, for none of them gave any information against us. Our sentries were not armed, and could not stop any who insisted on passing. If we had been able, it would not have been good policy, for in that case they might of complained of us to the civil authorities. I believe our object in stationing the sentries, was to communicate information in case we were liable to detection by the civil or military power. They were particularly charged to give us notice, in case any known Tory came down to the wharf. But our main dependence was on the general good will of the people.

It may be supposed that there was much talk about the business the next morning. The tories, civil, military, and spies, made a great fuss, and called the business divers hard names. Proclamations and rewards, to procure detection, were all to no purpose. We petended to be as zealous to find out the perpetrators as the rest. We often talked with tories about it. We were so close and loyal, that the whole affair remained in Egyptian darkness. We used, sometime afterwards, to meet and talk the affair over, never failing to end by drinking, "the hearty boys of America forever."

From the Knickerbocker.

SOUCHONG, SLANG-WHANG, AND BOHEA:

OR THE THREE EDITORS OF CHINA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NORMAN LESLIE.'

Souchong, Bohea, and Slang-Whang, three intelligent brothers, of Pekin, having travelled about the world for some years, and seen all that was worth seeing, from the Doric columns of resuscitated Pompeii, and the glittering Boulevards of Paris, to the City Hall and Scudder's Museum, in the great town of Manahatta, returned to their native capital, with a resolution to reform their countrymen. Souchong devoted himself to the introduction of Wellington boots; Bohea undertook to do away with the queue; and Slang-Whang determined to make his fellow-subjects, male and female, discard tea, and take to drinking *confutzku*, which is the Chinese for *brandy*. But it was easier to talk of these innovations than to effect them. Souchong, with his Wellington boots, was shunned by sober people, and Bohea was regarded as a mere visionary, a believer in impossibilities; a person, as the older Pekinites would say, with their fore-fingers on their foreheads, 'rather unfurnished in the upper story.' Slang-Whang, to be sure, made some progress with his *confutzku*, but the affairs of the tourists were at a low ebb, when Slang-Whang (who had been slily imbibing a quantity of his new beverage with an old musty Tartar,) suddenly declared his intention of 'starting a new weekly periodical!'

Souchong and Bohea were both in raptures, and the old Tartar, when they had explained to him what a grand thing a weekly periodical was, stroked his beard, and took another pull at the *confutzku*, whice he afterward observed was always his way, when he was pleased.

'The Pekin Pagoda' took wonderfully. The Chinese girls vowed it was the most amusing thing possible. The whole town was in commotion, and the very street patroles sometimes dropped the whips with which they were wont to castigate all unruly subjects who disturbed the peace of the emperor, to read the 'Pagoda,' and to talk of Souchong, Bohea, and Slang-Whang. They were the merriest set of fellows living, and such impudent varlets! They attacked the *queues* unmercifully, and sang aloud the praises of Wellington boots, while glittering tales were written to show the pleasant qualities of *confutzku*, which was pronounced the most excellent refreshment in the world, and 'a cure for all diseases.'

Bohea, Souchong, and Slang-Whang, had each a bosom friend. Bohea was devoted to Fo-ko; Souchong was a very brother to So-ko, and Slang-Whang was never seen but his beloved Chin-Chin was sure to be discovered a moment after. Fo-ko, So-ko, and Chin-Chin were three excellent fellows. They were, moreover, as rich as they were good, and had helped our travellers through some of their roughest periods of distress. Indeed the three editors were in other respects particularly indebted to them. Fo-ko had rescued Bohea one day from the grasp of a crazy Tartar; Chin-Chin had one night drawn Slang-Whang out of the imperial canal, after a somewhat free indulgence in his favorite *confutzku*, and Souchong was (if the truth must out) somewhat interested in So-ko's three sisters. As the travellers grew more prosperous, their love for their three friends increased. The 'Pagoda' had gone on with wonderful success; so much so, indeed, that a knot of fellows in Nankin had started one precisely similar in all respects, except, as the Pekinites swore, it was not half so good. The Nankin people called their periodical 'The Great Wall.' With such a formidable rival in the field, it behooved the 'Pagoda' to come out strong, and take the lead in point of merit, as they had done in time.

'We must not lie on our oars,' said Souchong.

'We must pull harder than ever,' added Bohea.

'We must play the very old Harry with them,' exclaimed Slang-Whang, putting down a pitcher of *confutzku*, and smacking his lips.

'We must buy new type,' observed Souchong.

'We must procure better articles,' remarked Bohea.

'We must have nothing in that is not *first rate*. Try the *confutzku*!' cried Slang-Whang.

'Whatever comes of it, we are the leaders of Chinese periodical literature,' resumed Souchong, holding out his Wellington boot.

'The Great Wall watches us like a lynx,' added Bohea.

'No matter,' rejoined Slang-Whang, 'the Pekin Pagoda is no chicken. It will last seventy thousand years if it does one.'

'I will never leave it till it has at least twenty-eight millions of subscribers,' added Bohea.

'But we must strain every nerve, watch every line, and make it perfection—*more* than perfection,' cried Souchong.

'Certainly!' said Bohea.

'Certainly!' echoed Slang-Whang.

'Slang-Whang,' said Chin-Chin one day, 'I have a favor to ask of you.'

'My dearest Chin-Chin,' replied Slang-Whang, 'you make me too happy. There is nothing on earth that I would not do for you.'

'I knew, my belovod Slang-Whang, that you were the most amiable person in the world.'

'You flatter me, Chin-Chin, But positively to *you* I shall refuse nothing. What is it you request?'

'I—I—you—we—the fact is—' stammered Chin-Chin, blushing, and looking down, 'I am almost ashamed to tell you.'

'Friend of my heart, you alarm me! Pray end this suspense; it is really painful.'

'Why—I—you must know that—'

'Chin-Chin, what *can* you mean?'

'I have turned—*author!* There, now the secret is out.'

'Author,—Chin-Chin?—what, *you?* Well, upon my word! you are the last man I should have suspected of such a flight. Well done! author, eh?'

'Yes. I am fairly embarked.'

'Well, what is it you have been composing?—a book? and you wish me to puff it? I can do it for you to a hair: I learned the art in my travels.'

'No, Slang-Whang, I have not got so desperate yet as to venture a *book*.'

'What, not a book? Oh, a pamphlet, I suppose? Well, let us have it.'

'Not even a pamphlet, my dear Slang-Whang. I am glad to find myself more modest, by a great deal, than you take me to be. What I have been writing is neither a book, nor a pamphlet, but a short series of articles—essays—moral discourses, as it were, just to try my wing.'

'Try your wing!' echoed Slang-Whang, with a cloud on his face, for he began to have an inkling of what all this was leading to.

'Yes, my dear Slang-Whang, even eagles you know must *hop about a little*, before they learn to soar into the blue realms of heaven.'

'Oh, yes; and pray, my excellent Chin-Chin, where do you propose to hop about in your incipient exercises?'

'Why, that's it, you see. That's the favor. I wish you to publish my series of essays in your paper.'

'What!—in the Pagoda!'

'Yes. I will lend you a hand against the rascally Great Wall people. They shall see that you have hosts of contributors.'

'On what subject is your series of essays?'

'Polygamy. I wish to discard it.

'What! write against polygamy? My dear Chin-Chin, you must be distracted.'

'Oh, very well, Mr. Slang-Whang. The next time you fall into the canal, I hope you will find some one else to risk his life for the sake of drawing you out.'

'But, my dear Chin-Chin—'

'Oh, very well Sir, very well; fine words cost little.'

'Where are your essays?'

'Here they are; I have spent months at them. I shall be well paid for them, doubtless, in the Great Wall.'

'Chin-Chin, I *will* publish them.'

'You will!'

'I will. I have said it. I will put them in hand immediately, without altering a word—without even reading them. That pleasure I will reserve till they are in print. If they had been on any other subject than polygamy, I should not have hesitated a moment. Polygamy!—you might as well write against *eating*. But no matter: you are a noble fellow; you saved my life, at the risk of your own. *I hate ingratitude.* Your essays shall go in.'

The essays against polygamy were inserted. Out of the one hundred and forty two millions of inhabitants, there was only one person who did not ridicule them, and that was their author. The fact is, Chin-Chin was an honest, sensible, painstaking, prudent, good-hearted, shrewd and influential man, but—*he could not write.* The 'Pagoda' was laughed at from Tartary to the Indian Ocean.

The Great Wall quizzed them, and declared that the three editors who asked the people of *Tchong-kou* to read such stuff, deserved to be flung into the *Hoang-ho*. But if the Great Wall people were in fine glee at the disgrace of the 'Pagoda,' what were the feelings of Bohea and Souchong! They were in a perfect fury.

'Fo-ko,' said Bohea one day, a short time after the essays on polygamy were concluded, 'I want some money; I have a great speculation in view; I can make my fortune.'

'You delight me,' said Fo-ko. 'You know, dear Bohea, I desire nothing more sincerely than your welfare.'

'Thank you, Fo-ko; but at present, I should not have the heart to merely borrow money of you, having been so often and so long indebted to your generosity, but now I wish you to be as much benefitted as myself.' And he forthwith proceeded to give his opulent friend a detailed account of the speculation in which he intended they should be jointly concerned.

'Bohea,' said Fo-ko, when the speculator had finished his story, 'this thing is brilliant. It cannot possibly fail. Let me congratulate you. You have made your fortune. As for me, you ask me to share your profit. No, my friend, I am already sufficiently wealthy. I will not mingle any motive of interest with the pleasure of doing a generous action. I will advance the capital. But I will not receive any return except the simple sum which I lend you. Should you, by any remote chance, fail in your enterprise, give yourself no uneasiness. I will never demand even the original loan I now make. Go on, dear Bohea. Were my wealth trebled, it would give me far less satisfaction than I enjoy at this moment. I love you like a brother. Take this paper. It will entitle you to all you desire, and more. Go, dear Bohea; be rich and be happy.'

'Fo-ko—' cried Bohea, but tears of joyful gratitude filled his eyes, and he could proceed no farther.

'Come, this is folly,' said Fo-ko, after a brief pause, 'and to change the subject, I am sorry to see that you have got the 'Pagoda' into a scrape with those stupid articles on polygamy. What on earth could you mean by admitting them into your columns?'

'It was that Slang-Whang—' said Bohea, wiping the grateful and yet glittering moisture from his lids.

'Well, I tell you what, Bohea, I will be no *half-way* friend. I will help you on, also, with the Pagoda. I will make the Great Wall fellows laugh the other side of their mouths. You may publish this article of mine. It is a poem on the 'Feet of a Belle.' Nay,—no thanks. I will not hear a word in reply. There. This is the poem. Good morning, Bohea.'

Souchong sat with his friend So-ko and his three lovely sisters. His face was flushed; his eyes full of languid fire, and his voice trembled with a passionate tenderness for each and all of the innocent creatures who regarded him as their future husband. Most of our youthful male readers have, I may venture to surmise, at some time or other, felt the power of love for *one* chosen enchantress; and in sooth they may fancy, from the throbs and agitations, the unspeakable pains and agonizing bliss consequent on such occasions, that *one* was enough in all conscience. What then must have been the sensations of Souchong—the youthful, ardent, enthusiastic and inexperienced Souchong, galvanized in that way with a three-fold power! Three rose-bud mouths murmuring to him at once! Six exquisite eyes melting away his soul with a perfect *focus* of loveliness! Poor Souchong! He abandoned himself altogether to the enchantment of the three objects of his affections, breathed three sighs, cast three tender looks, took three hands, made three avowals, six blushing cheeks turned bashfully and yet delightedly away, and six lovely lips pronounced the delicious assent, and requested him to 'go and ask So-ko!'

At this moment So-ko entered, and the trio of youthful graces disappeared, in order to give their lover time to propose.

'So-ko,' cried Souchong, 'I am in love.'

'Good!' said So-ko.

'I wish to marry.'

'Good, again!' added So-ko.

'This roof contains all I hold dear on earth.'

'Excellent!' cried So-ko. 'I thought as much. You have been very frequently of late with my sisters. You like them——'

'I adore them!'

'And wish to marry?'

'Exactly.'

'When?'

'To-Morrow.'

'Which one?'

'I will marry them all.'

'So you shall. They are all in love with you, and I have been glad to promote it, as far as lay within my power. I like you, Souchong, and could no where choose a brother more grateful to my feelings. Consider it settled. I am a man of business. I hate words. You shall marry the whole family to-morrow at eleven. Enough of one subject. How is your health?'

'Excellent.'

'Have you not been ill lately?'

'No. Why do you ask?'

'From seeing your Pagoda so neglected. You nearly ruined yourselves by those stupid essays against polygamy, and the Feet of a Belle will go well nigh to complete the business altogether. There is one thing, by the way, which I might as well say to you about the girls. Hoa and Casgha are plain housewives; but my pretty Kia, there, has a turn for literature. She'll be a great assistance to you in the Pagoda. She's a perfect devil with a pen. Here! Here's a communication from her. You have never had any thing so good in the Pagoda. The Great Wall gang would give their eyes for it; she will be delighted to see it in print. Nay, nay, no thanks, It's an 'Address to the Ganges,' the best thing she ever did. Farewell, my dear brother Souchong!—To-morrow at eleven.'

'What! the *last* Nankin subscriber stopped?' cried Bohea, in dismay.

'The very last,' said Slang-Whang. 'He said he could not stand the Address to the Ganges. He is a mandarin of respectability, and a great loss. He had written to stop, before—once on reading the Essays on Polygamy, and again after glancing at the Feet of a Belle. *This* time he came *himself*.

'It is too true, my brothers,' said Souchong. 'We have yielded to personal friendship thrice. We have in consequence published three silly communications, and been three times the jest of all *Tchong-Kou*.'

It happened some time after, that the three editors were brought into the presence of the emperor, on the charge of a treasonable crime. Their accuser was a vile eunuch, whose cowardly heart had conceived a hatred against them, from the fact that one of the characters of a fictitious story in the 'Pagoda,' was, by mere chance, such a counterpart of his own, that he concluded it had been copied literally from himself. He was not aware how often such transcripts are accidental, and that the careful student of human nature, in drawing one scoundrel, delineates a thousand. Of such wretches there are numerous species, resembling vipers, and though each may fancy the spots on his back sufficiently marked to distinguish him from other individuals, yet whole broods are so painted and deeply stained, that a picture of one is a fac-simile of all. The inexperienced youths knew not, when they established their periodical, that these sad mistakes and deadly revenges are among the inevitable calamities of literary men, especially of such as are connected with the public press. The emperor himself examined the culprits, and was about to consign them to the doom of convicted felons, upon the determined testimony of their accuser, when a young Tartar, of graceful mein and beautiful countenance, stepped forward from among the courtiers, and addressed the monarch.

'Emperor of the world, stay your hand! Do not consign the innocent to punishment. This eunuch is a wretch, perjured, cowardly, and base. The crime of which he accuses the three prisoners, he knows they did not commit. He himself is the author of it, as I can prove by an intercepted document now in my possession.'

We are not a chronicler of Chinese history, and therefore omit the details of the affair. The barbarous eunuch was condemned to death, the rescued brothers again enjoyed freedom, and the 'Pagoda' flourished more prosperously than ever.

One day the young Tartar, to whose interference they owed their life, came into their office. He had a paper in his hand.

'Only two verses!' he said. 'I know very well they are no great things, but they are the *first production* of a young lady who will one day be an honor to China. Should you reject them, it will break her heart. Publish them, not for what they are, but for what their author will *one day be*.'

Souchong, Bohea, and Slang-Whang, looked at each other, and reached out their hands for the stanzas.

'Will you publish them?' asked their deliverer.

'Certainly!' replied Souchong.

'Unquestionably!' added Slang-Whang.

'Indubitably!' echoed Bohea.

All the readers of China derided the unhappy editors, on account of two of the stupidest verses ever published. Infinitely better poems had been rejected. They had publicly expressed their resolve to admit no more trash, either for love or fear, and not even to *read* the communications of personal friends. Bohea sighed, Souchong swore, and Slang-Whang sat down and wrote an editorial paragraph on the subject.

'Periodicals,' thus his production read, 'like all mortal things, must be compounded of good and bad. Perfection does not exist beneath the moon. The communications in our pages may be sometimes inaccurate, and sometimes dull. We can but intersperse them, as frequently as possible, with the freshness of truth, the brilliancy of wit, and the treasures of wisdom. Thus the globe itself is in some parts barren wastes, in others burning deserts; nor can human means ever render its whole surface a continued garden of fruits and flowers. Will our friends have the goodness to believe, that those articles which instruct, delight, or melt them, are the peculiar results of our efforts and our choice, but that the pages abandoned to error, or yielded to dulness, are just so much of our interest and our reputation knowingly sacrificed to the private demands of grateful friendship.'

EDUCATION IN AMERICA.—It is the universal attention paid to education, and in the number of academical foundations, the Americans exhibit a public spirit with which we are proud to claim kindred. The great body of the people are, as regards the rudiments of knowledge, far in advance of the English. All can read and write; and to give his children an education, is the first concern of every parent. The oldest college in the United States is Harvard College, at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, founded in 1638, only eighteen years after the first settlement at Plymouth. Yale College was founded in 1700. Besides these, there are in the Union, about fifty colleges authorized to confer degrees. The number of benevolent and religious institutions in America, supported by voluntary contributions, is almost incalculable. Their Bible Societies, Missionary Societies, Prison Discipline Societies, Penitentiaries, Asylums, &c., are the noble results and evidences of a public spirit, an enlightened philanthropy, and a religious zeal, which certainly can find a parallel only in the parent country.—*British Magazine.*

Winter Evenings are seasons for domestic comfort, mental application, and sociality. They are delightful periods of time. When the rude blast is heard without, and the storm beats against the snug casement, the bright fireside reveals its substantial joys. They are not fictitious ones. The mind participates in the little comforts the body feels, and they go on in harmonious action together. These evenings should be the means of great and permanent good to the young. They should not be passed in sluggish and criminal inaction. They should not be frittered away in listness idleness, accumulating nothing, but squandering inestimable treasure.

We design simply to urge upon young men the improvement of those precious periods in their existence. They are pregnant with important results, moulding the character and impressing the mind with what will sink them in mature life or elevate them to positions of influence and respectability in society. Much, very much, may be accomplished by mental application, after the labors of the field or workshop are closed. The body may weary and the limbs tire, but the mind is still vigorous and feels nothing of lassitude or exhaustion. Apply it then every evening to a settled pursuit, to some practical study. Let not idle pretences or frivolous amusements deduct from what will insure you an honorable position in society. Young men commit an act of criminal injustice to themselves, who are content with the performance of a daily task at the bench or in the field. They should remember that the *mind* rather than the *body*, demands of them diligent care as well as assiduous cultivation.—*Northampton Courier.*

From Justice Lowndes' Statistical Report on the New York Police.—From the first Sept. 1836—from which time the report commences—to the first of Sept. 1837, there were 14,548 complaints,and in 1835, 15,588, shewing an increase in 1835 over 1834, of 1040, while the increase the present year over 1835 is 3,368.

Of the whole number of cases before both poliece officers, 4403 were sent to the Court of General Sessions, and 1089 to the Court of Special Sessions.

Of those sent to the General Sessions, the grand jury have found 787 bills of indictment. They have dismissed 184 complaints; 19 nolle prosequis have been entered, and only three hundred and eighty-one casses have been tried, and three thousand three hundred and forty-six cases remain undisposed of!

In the Court of Special Session, out of 1089 cases sent up for adjudication, 584 have been disposed of by trial, and the residue discharged or otherwise settled. The grand total of cases sent to both courts for the whole year has been 5,491, out of which only 965 have been tried.

Very Affecting.—A man employed by some medical students to procure a subject, dug up his own wife by mistake, and has been inconsolable ever since.

Explicit Information.—Deputy Registar—Can you tell me how old your husband was, my good woman? Widow—Yes, sir; I was 19 years old when my mother died; my poor mother has been dead 24 years last Bradford fair, and my husband was 13 years older than I am.—*Halifax Express.*

Music and Gin—At a gin palace lately established in Shoreditch, the proprietor, in order to eclipse his neighbors, has got a "clock" of large dimensions and splendid workmanship at the extremity of the saloon, and so constructed that, when occasion requires, it will perform 16 times, and play, without intermission, for one hour, the following among other tunes and waltzes: Jim Crow, accompanied (of course) by some of the old women present; All Round my Hat, The Light of other days, Farewell to the Mountain, Jenny Jones, &c.

Good Joke.—The bill to suppress the sale and use of Bowie and Arkansas knives passed the Tennessee Senate a few days since—yeas 17, nays 8. "Spanish Stilettos" were stricken out. This is like the itinerant actor who advertised the play of Hamlet, the part of Hamlet, by particular desire, omitted. A bill for the same purpose, prescribing severe penalties, has passed both Houses of the Legislature of Alabama.—*N. Y. Star.*

Pocock's Recipe for curing Beef and Pork.—For pickling one hundred weight of pork, hams, beef, &c., take 6 gallons of water, 9 pounds of salt, half coarse, half fine, 3 pounds of brown sugar, 1 quart of molasses, 3 ounces of salt petre, 1 ounce of potash. Put the above ingredients into a clean pot or kettle, and let it boil, being careful to take off all the scum as it comes to the surface. When the scum ceases to rise, take the liquor off and let it stand until it is cold. Then having previously rubbed your meat with fine salt, pack it away in the vessel which you intend to keep it in, pour the liquor over it, and let it stand.